

Scena Tertia.

Enter Malcolm and Macduff.

Mal. Let vs seeke out some desolate shade, & there
Weepe our sad bolowes empty.

Macd. Let vs rather
Hold fast the mortall Sword: and like good men,
Beside our downfall Birthdome: each new Morne,
New Widdowes howle, new Orphans cry, new sorowes
Strike heauen on the face, that it refoundes
As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out
Like Syllable of Dolour.

Mal. What I beleue, Ile waile;
What know, beleue; and what I can redresse,
As I shall finde the time to friend: I wil.
What you haue spoke, it may be so perchance.
This Tyrant, whose sole name blisters our tongues,
Was once thought honest: you haue lou'd him well,
He hath not touch'd you yet. I am yong, but something
You may discern of him through me, and wisdom
To offer vp a weake, poore innocent Lambe
T appease an angry God.

Macd. I am not treacherous.

Mal. But Macbeth is.

A good and vertuous Nature may recoyle
In an Imperiall charge. But I shall craue your pardon:
That which you are, my thoughts cannot transpore;
Angels are bright still, though the brightest fell.
Though all things foule, would wear the brows of grace
Yet Grace must still looke so.

Macd. I haue lost my Hopes.

Mal. Perchance euen there
Where I did finde my doubts.
Why in that rawnesse left you Wife, and Childe?
Those precious Morieues, those strong knots of Loue,
Without leaue-taking. I pray you,
Let not my Icalousies, be your Dishonors,
But mine owne Safeties: you may be rightly iust,
What euer I shall thinke.

Macd. Bleed, bleed poore Country,
Great Tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodnesse dare not check thee: wear thy wrongs,
The Title, is asseard. Far thee well Lord,
I would not be the Villaine that thou thinkest,
For the whole Space that's in the Tyrants Graspe,
And the rich East to boot.

Mal. Be not offended:

I speake not as in absolute feare of you:
I thinke our Country stokes beneath the yoke,
It weepes, it bleeds, and each new day a gash
Is added to her wounds. I thinke withall,
There would be hands vplifted in my right:
And heere from gracious England haue I offer
Of goodly thousands. But for all this,
When I shall create vpon the Tyrants head,
Or weare it on my Sword; yet my poore Country
Shall haue more vices then it had before,
More suffer, and more sundry wayes then euer,
By him that shall succede.

Macd. What should he be?

Mal. It is my selfe I meane: in whom I know
All the particulars of Vice so grafted,

That when they shall be open'd, blacke Macbeth
Will seeme as pure as Snow, and the poore State
Esteeme him as a Lambe, being compar'd
With my confinelesse harmes.

Macd. Not in the Legions
Of horrid Hell, can come a Diuell more damn'd
In euils, to top Macbeth.

Mal. I grant him Bloody,
Luxurious, Auaricious, False, Deceitfull,
Sodaine, Malicious, smacking of euery sine
That ha's a name. But there's no bottome, none
In my Voluptuoufnesse: Your Wiues, your Daughters,
Your Matrons, and your Maides, could not fill vp
The Cisterne of my Lust, and my Desire
All continent Impediments would ore-bear
That did oppose my will. Better Macbeth,
Then such an one to reigne.

Macd. Boundlesse intemperance
In Nature is a Tyranny: It hath bene
Th'vntimely emptying of the happy Throne,
And fall of many Kings. But feare not yet
To take vpon you what is yours: you may
Conuey your pleasures in a spacious plenty,
And yet seeme cold. The time you may so hoodwinke:
We haue willing Dames enough: there cannot be
That Vulture in you, to deuoure so many
As will to Greatnesse dedicate themselves,
Finding it so inclinde.

Mal. With this, there growes

In my most ill-compos'd Affection, such
A stanchlesse Auarice, that were I King,
I should cut off the Nobles for their Lands,
Desire his Iewels, and this others Houfe,
And my more-hauing, would be as a Sawce
To make me hunger more, that I should forge
Quarrels vniust against the Good and Loyall,
Destroying them for wealth.

Macd. This Auarice

Sticks deeper: growes with more pernicious roote
Then Summer-seeming Lust: and it hath bin
The Sword of our slaine Kings: yet do not feare,
Scotland hath Foysons, to fill vp your will
Of your meere Owne. All these are portable,
With other Graces weigh'd.

Mal. But I haue none. The King-becoming Graces,
As Iustice, Verity, Temp'rance, Seablenesse,
Bounty, Perseuerance, Mercy, Lowlinesse,
Deuotion, Patience, Courage, Fortitude,
I haue no relish of them, but abound
In the diuision of each feuerall Crime,
Acting it many wayes. Nay, had I powre, I should
Poure the sweet Milke of Concord, into Hell,
Vproue the vniuersall peace, confound
All vniety on earth.

Macd. O Scotland, Scotland.

Mal. If such a one be fit to gouerne, speake:
I am as I haue spoken.

Mac. Fit to gouerne? No not to liue. O Natio miserable!
With an vntitled Tyrant, bloody Sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy whollome dayes againe?
Since that the truest Issue of thy Throne
By his owne Interdiction stands accus'd,
And do's blaspheme his breed? Thy Royall Father
Was a most Sainted King: the Queene that bore thee,
Ofner vpon her knees, then on her feet,
Dy'd euer day she liu'd. Fare thee well,

These

These Euils thou repeat'st vpon thy selfe,
Hath banish'd me from Scotland. O my Brest,
Thy hope ends heere.

Mal. Macduff, this Noble passion
Childe of integrity, hath from my soule
Wip'd the blacke Scruples, reconcil'd my thoughts
To thy good Truth, and Honor. Diuellish Macbeth,
By many of these traines, hath fought to win me
Into his power: and modest Wisedome pluckes me
From ouer-credulous haft: but God above
Deale betweene thee and me; For euen now
I put my selfe to thy Direction, and
Vnspeake mine owne detraction. Heere abiure
The taints, and blames I laide vpon my selfe,
For strangers to my Nature. I am yet
Vknowne to Woman, neuer was forsworne,
Scarcely haue coueted what was mine owne:
At no time broke my Faith, would not betray
The Deuill to his Fellow, and delight
No lesse in truth then life. My first false speaking
Was this vpon my selfe. What I am truly
I thinke, and my poore Countries to command:
Whither indeed, before they heere appoach
Old Seyward with ten thousand warlike men
Already at a point, was setting forth:
Now we'll together, and the chance of goodnesse
Be like our warranted Quarrell. Why are you silent?
Macd. Such welcome, and vnwelcom things at once
Tis hard to reconcile.

Enter a Doctor.

Mal. Well, more anon. Comes the King forth
I pray you?

Doct. I Sir: there are a crew of wretched Soules
That stay his Cure: their malady conuincies
The great assay of Art. But at his touch,
Such sanctity hath Heauen giuen his hand,
They presently amend. *Exit.*

Mal. I thank you Doctor.

Macd. What's the Disease he meanes?

Mal. Tis call'd the Euill.

A most myraculous worke in this good King,
Which often since my heere remaine in England,
I haue seene him do: How he solicites heauen
Himselfe best knowes: but strangely visited people
All swolne and Vlceroous, pittifull to the eye,
The meere dispaire of Surgery, he cures,
Hanging a golden stampe about their neckes,
Pat on with holy Prayers, and 'tis spoken
To the succeeding Royalty he leaues
The healing Benediction. With this strange vertue,
He hath a heauenly giuft of Prophecie,
And sundry Blessings hang about his Throne,
That speake him full of Grace.

Enter Rosse.

Macd. See who comes heere.

Mal. My Countryman: but yet I know him nor.

Macd. My euer gentle Cozen, welcome hither.

Mal. I know him now. Good God betimes remoue
The meanes that makes vs Strangers.

Rosse. Sir, Amen.

Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?

Rosse. Alas poore Country,
Almost afraid to know it selfe. It cannot
Be call'd our Mother, but our Graue; where nothing
But who knows nothing, is once seene to smile:
Where signes, and groines, and shrieks that rent the ayre

Are made, not mark'd: Where violent sorrow seemes
A Moderne extasie: The Deadmans knell,
Is there scarce ask'd for who, and good mens liues
Expire before the Flowers in their Caps,
Dying, ere they sicken.

Macd. Oh Relation; too nice, and yet too true.

Mal. What's the newest griefe?

Rosse. That of an houres age, doth hisse the speaker,
Each minute reemes a new one.

Macd. How do's my Wife?

Rosse. Why well.

Macd. And all my Children?

Rosse. Well too.

Macd. The Tyrant ha's not batter'd at their peace?

Rosse. No, they were wel at peace, when I did leaue 'em

Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: How gos't?

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the Tydings
Which I haue heauily borne, there ran a Rumour
Of many worthy Fellowes, that were our,
Which was to my beleefe witnest the rather,
For that I saw the Tyrants Power a-foot.
Now is the time of helpe: your eye in Scotland
Would create Soldiours, make our women fight,
To doffe their dire distresses.

Mal. Bee't their comfort

We are comming thither: Gracious England hath
Lent vs good Seyward, and ten thousand men,
An older, and a better Souldier, none
That Christendome giues out.

Rosse. Would I could answer

This comfort with the like. But I haue words
That would be howl'd out in the desert ayre,
Where hearing should not latch them.

Macd. What concerne they,
The generall cause, or is it a Pee-griefe
Due to some single brest?

Rosse. No mande that's honest

But in it shares some woe, though the maine part
Pertaines to you alone.

Macd. It be mine

Keepe it not from me, quickly let me haue it.

Rosse. Let not your eares dispise my tongue for euer,
Which shall possesse them with the heauiest sound
That euer yet they heard.

Macd. Humh: I guesse at it.

Rosse. Your Castle is surpriz'd: your Wife, and Babes
Sauagely slaughter'd: To relate the manner
Were on the Quarry of these murder'd Deere
To adde the death of you.

Mal. Mercifull Heauen:

What man, ne're pull your hat vpon your browes:
Giue sorrow words: the griefe that do's not speake,
Whispers the ore-fraught heart, and bids it breake.

Macd. My Children too?

Ro. Wife, Children, Seruants, all that could be found.

Macd. And I must be from thence? My wife kil'd too?

Rosse. I haue said.

Mal. Be comforted.

Let's make vs Med'cines of our great Reuenge,
To cure this deadly griefe.

Macd. He ha's no Children. All my pretty ones?
Did you say All? Oh Hell-Kite! All?

What, All my pretty Chickens, and their Damme
At one fell swoope?

Mal. Dispute it like a man.

Macd. I shall do so:

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But